

## THE TWO TOUGHEST APES IN THE SOUTH BAY AREA

— for K.P.

there's this great big guy comes to see me, he sits in  
this big chair and starts smoking his cigars  
and I bring out the wine bottles  
and we pour it down.  
the big guy just gulps them down and I gulp  
right along with him.  
he doesn't say much, he's a stoic.

when other people are around they say, "Jesus, Hank,  
what do you see in this guy?"  
and I say, "hey, he's my hero, every man has to have a  
hero."

the big guy just keeps lighting cigars and drinking.  
he never even gets up to piss, he doesn't have  
to.  
he doesn't bother.

he smokes ten cigars a night and matches me  
drink for drink.  
he doesn't blink.  
I don't either.

even when we talk about women we  
agree.

it's best when we're alone because he doesn't  
talk to the other people.

but when we're alone I never remember him  
leaving.  
in the morning his chair is still there  
and all the cigar stubs and  
all the empty bottles but he's  
gone.

what I like best is he never disturbs the  
image I have of him,  
he's a tough son of a bitch and I'm a  
tough son of a bitch  
and we meet about once  
every 3 months and put on our  
performance.

anything closer than that would  
wipe us  
out.